Resound till twilight stains Deep violet tue hills; And from you cloud-fonts blue, Fall resaries of dew In tremulous bright rills, Christ'ning the slumbrous flowers

In those still, perfumed bowers Of tranquil heaven-born bliss, Oh, would that life might be Until eternity One perfect day like this.

MATCH MAKING.

"Yes, I am sure that would be the best plan," mused Jean Scott aloud, clasping her hands around her knees, and looking up through the trees at a little patch of clear sky shining down between the leaves. "Mr. Stuart is rich and handsome;" here she sighed without any known reason. "Phœbe ought to marry him-she must do itand let that stupid John Barnard go. Lam sure-positively sure, Victor Stuart would suit her best, and I will

make the match." It was Sunday afternoon, and Jean sat out under a big oak tree in the front yard. A book lay on the grass beside her, and a little crippled chicken, rescued from the horse lot, nestled in a fold of her buff linen gown.

She was a supple slender girl, oliveskinned, grey-eyed and black-haired, and just bordering on eighteen.

With the calm confidence of inexperience and positive ignorance, she had made up her mind to meddle in a very deficate matter-namely, a love affair,

The Scotts were country people, owned a good farm and lived comfortably, and John Barnard, a neighboring farmer, had long loved Phoene, the eldest daughter of the house and a very pretty girl of twenty.

The matter had not disturbed Jean until two things occurred. Her father suffered some reverses of fortune, and Victor came up from New Orleans.

She felt peculiarly grateful to him, for he was not only young, handsome and rich, but he had also saved her life on a certain occasion, when she had been more reckless than wise, in running a horse-race with her brother.

Her pony took it into his head to run away, and Miss Jean's white neck might have been broken had it not been for the timely appearance of Mr. Stuart, who threw himself in front of the unruly horse and checked him.

That encounter led to a closer acquaintance with her family, and the young man had called several times. He rode up to the gate, and dismounted, while Jean sat on the grass

and meditated on her plan. The color leaped to her cheeks at sight of him, and a thrill shot through her heart. How happy any woman might be to win his love-he looked so brave and handsome.

Now she had been a little shy before him; but to-day she rose to meet him with a smile, and a slim hand extended. The gentleman replied warmly to her friendly greeting.

"You take compassion on all afflicted creatures?" he remarked, glancing down at the little downy, chick which rested on the grass, with its broken leg bound up with a bit of linen.

Jean lifted it tenderly. "Ah yes Poor little weakling! its life is but a frail thing, but precious to it no doubt. I love not pain or suffering. But pardon me. I will not keep you standing out here.'

"It is very pleasant, I-,But much pleasanter in the house," she said hastily, confused by the way his eyes dwelt upon her. "Go in, Mr. Stuart.

"Will you come also?" "When I have cared for this wounded chick-yes, sir. perhaps. Phoebe is in the parlor.' MAnd when he had reluctantly depart-

ed, she sat down again and hid her face in her hands, her heart beating quick and loud. "Tis only his way-only his way, and I am a foolish weak.minded crea-

ware to allow his pleasant words and Sindly glances to affect me." She had not long to sigh over her fol-

By or scold herself for it. Another young man had arrived on the scene, and she must prepare to meet

He wa an honest, good-looking farener, and from childhood Jean had known and liked him; but to-day she must crush any presumptuous hopes he enight possibly entertain regarding Phoebe.

"Good evening, Jean." She had picked up her book again, and was apparently much interested in Et, for all it was wrong end up. "Good evening, John," in a calmly

matronizing tone. "Is Phoebe at home?" "Yes; she is in the parler, entertain-

Eng company."; His face fell.

"Entertaining company?"
"Yes-Mr. Stuart." "He here again?" said poor John Barnard, a faint spark of jealousy in his heart gathering heat and strength.

"Yes, certainly: but go in. Pa and ma are in the sitting-room. The boys are not at home, I am sorry to say.' "Oh, no; I'll just go on back home. I suppose that fellow will stay all the ".fternoon."

"Mr. Stuart? Very probably he will." But hardly had Mr. Barnaid ridden dejectedly away when Victor Stuart came out again.

that girl. "Going so early?" said Jean. arching mer pretty dark brows in surprise. to be too hasty. But I love her with all my heart, all my soul, and if she would but marry me——" He drew a "Yes; I have an engagement to dine in town. But first give me a rose-'Ah, one roselong breath, his eyes alight with love's

One rose-but one, by those fair fingers cull'd, Were worth a hundred kisses pressed on

Less exquisite than thine!" he quoted, too low for her to catch the words. She hurriedly picked a handful of

half-blown creamy roses, and gave them to him. But not another glance could he win from her, though a tell-tale color stole up her soft throat into her cheeks, betraying confusion and tumult of heart,

Victor Stuart. and he rode gaily away, half crushing the sweet roses against his lips. The sun had dropped much lower in linch in diameter and a yard long.

his hands to Jean.

at matchmaking.

for you are my love!"

Wept, Sung and Danced.

the west, and the yard was all in deep

grass, her hands clasped over her knees,

"What are you thinking about?" in-

"Because Mr. Stuart was here, and I

"You take a good deal for granted.

have offended Mr. John Barnard, I will

And placid Phoebe's eyes flashed, and

Stuart? Girls are queer creatures!"

"What is the matter, Phoebe?" Jean

"Are you troubled-about-about

Well, I am sorry you wounded the

John?" dragging the words out hesita-

feelings of one who has always been our

I promise you I will never meddle

"Why did you do it?" curiously.

sion of her matchmaking.

then greatly amused.

sweet and lovely."

"So am I, but I did it for your good.

And then Jean made a clean confes-

"But, of course, if you intend to

Phoebe listened, first rather shocked,

"Oh, you blind, silly child. What a

"There, child, go to sleep; for you

-to bring back her sister's love-but

not a word of this did she breathe. It

were best left untalked of until accom-

And fate threw the chance in her

Returning from the village she met

John Barnard face to face in the road.

have been for this week past?" she said

"At home," he rather gruffly replied.

"Why have you not; been round to e us. "Didn't know that I would be

"Well, to tell you the truth, Jean, I

'Indeed, she does care; but I shall

not tell you anything about it," making

"Oh, yes, Jean; please do! where is that fellow Stuart?"

"I really cannot tell you where Mr.

"What for? Now you are very un-

reasonable, and if you want to know

"One question? Are they-are they

"Engaged? Good heavens, no! Who

ever dreamed of such a thing?" she ex-

claimed with as much astonishment as

though she had not been planning to

"Poor fellow, he does leve her. It

was a shame to make him suffer so,'

she thought, watching him as he walk-

ed on blithely whistling. "I will never

try matchmaking again—never!" she continued aloud. "But what does the

"If you do not succeed, try, try

again," said a laughing voice close be-

side her, and blushing, she turned to

face Victor Stuart. "Care marks your

"Not for the world," she cried quick-

"Why not? I do assure you I will

"Thank you; but I am not in need of

He kept at her side, carrying his gun

"Well, I am, for I love a girl-a

He stole a glance at the sober young

"Have you asked her?" she managed

It was dreadful to hear him talk of

"No; she is young, and I do not want

fire. "Tell me, Jean, shall I wait a while

They were walking along a shady

path, almost in sight of a house, Stuart

flung down his gun, and stretching out

"Then say you will be my wife Jean,

So ended Jean's first and last attempt

Phoebe lives contented y with her far-

mer, while Jean is in the city and is Mrs.

longer, or can I ask her now?'

"Do as you think best."

sweet, beautiful loveable girl; but I am

face shaded by the broad-brimmed hat,

It turned white, rather than red, and a

keep the secret, if secret it be, and give

sympathy," she said, walking on.

afraid she does not love me.

brow, Miss Jean; tell me your trouble.

anything more, you must ask Phoebe."

Stuart is. It is not pleasant to hear

a move as though to pass him.

him called "that fellow."

"Hang him!"

engaged?"

that very end.

old song say?"

ly and with energy.

on one arm.

all the comfort I can."

to say very steadily.

"Why, John!" in shocked tones.

plished she wisely though.

with a friendly smile.

see us.

see me.

welcome."

way thevery next afternoon.

grieve your eyes out about John Bar-

nard, I give up the whole affair."

her eyes like the eyes of a dreamer.

"Nothing," starting up.

fully at her plump white hands.

"Sent him away?"

never forgive you-never!"

he turned away in anger.

mischief she had made,

inquired tenderly.

'Nothing at all."

quired Miss Scott.

Jean firmly.

". Yes. "

disturbed.

of him.

friend."

"Why?"

purplish shade, when Phoebe came out where her younger sister reposed on the performer of Scotch music on the violin, he now holds. spent a winter at Exeter, and, of course, soon became acquainted with the musical dilettanti of the place. Dining turn and his rings may be obtained in one day with a professor, the conversa- northern latitudes. For in this time tion turned upon Scottish music, and a he passes his perihelion, reaches his "Interesting subject. You have been completely absorbed: What a dull day strong argument arose as to its bearing greatest northern declination. and his competition with foreign music-the rings are open to their widest extent; this has been! I thought perhaps John Barnard would come," looking caresent designate the Fiddler, insisting year 1885 closes. that, when properly played, nothing "He did, but I sent him away," said could excel it; the professor, on the other hand insisting that it was only fit for the barnyard.

"I'll tell you what." says the fiddler, "I'll lay you a bet of five pounds that if a party of Scotchmen can be got todid not suppose you would care to be gether, I'll make them shed tears one minute, sing the next, and dance the What do I care for Mr. Stuart? If you

"Done," says the professor; "and if the most enlivening, pathetic and best

"Good gracious! does she really love music in the world." him, and am I sacrificing my sister to a The difficulty arose as to getting an heartless match-making machine? But opportunity for a trial; but being inhow can she love him after seeing Mr. formed that a number of young Scotchmen were to dine at a certain hotel on mused Jean, somewhat troubled at the the anniversary of Burn's birthday, it She felt positively guilty when, waking one night, she heard her sister sighfiddler, for these young men, being prin-A week had passed, but the jealous lads, who had recently left their own young farmer kept to his own grounds -at least the Scots did not see anything hood, were the very ones upon whom

he was sure to make a hit. All being now arranged, and the uteven ful day was anxiously looked for. At length it came, and the fiddler and the professor, by an introduction to one of the party, got an invitation to the not spared when the memory of any of Scotia's bards was proposed. The fiddler was not long in perceiving that he had got among a right musical set, and waited patiently till they were in that happy state when they were fit for anything. At length he gave a wink to the professor, who at once proposed that his friend should favor them with a Scotch tune on the violin.

"Capital, capital!" cried the whole mad scheme. Mr. Stuart cares no party. The violin was brought, and all were

in breathless anxiety. The fiddler chose for his first tune, "Here's a health to them that's awa'," and played it in the more for me than any other indifferent acquaintance. Do you think he loves "I think he would if you encouraged most solemn and pathetic manner. him. Why shouldn't he? You are big, raw-boned youth to his next neigh-

Phoebe leaned over and kissed her, touched by her honest love and admira-"It is that, Sandy. There's mickle in that tune, man. It reminds me o'ane that's gane," Jamie at the same time seem to be eight instead of eighteen." giving a deep sigh and drawing his Now Jean longed to undo her work

hand over his long gaunt face to hide the tears which were trickling down his cheeks. The fiddler with his keen eye soon the second part of the tune he would have them all in the same mood. He, "Why how do you do John? Where

therefore, threw his whole soul into the instrument, played the tune as he had never done before; and as the last four bars of the tune died away like the distant echo, there was not a dry cheek among the company. "Now is the time thought the fiddler; and without stopping a moment he struck up, in a and Mercury. Neptune is morning bold, vigorous style, "Willie brew'd a star and the leader of the shining Peck 'o Maut." In went the handkerchiefs, away went the tears. did not believe Phoebe would care to

"Chorus!" cried the fiddler, and in an instant all struck upfor we're nae fou, we're nae that fou, But just a drapple in our e'e;

The cock may craw, the day may daw But aye we'll taste the barley bree! in his best stye the reel of "Jenny dang the Weaver.'

in an instant tables, chairs and glasses were scattered in all directions, the whole party dancing and jumping like madmen.

Out ran the affrighted professor-for he did not know what might come next -up came the landlady with her terri-fied train of inmates. But none durst are less demonstrative. enter the room, the hurrahs and thumps upon the floor being boisterous; and it was only upon the entry of a Scotch traveler, who had just arrived and who cried to the fiddler for any sake to stop, that order was restored.

It is needless to say that the profesmusic when properly played, and that the landlady took care that the fiddler Burns' anniversary dinner.

Prominent Stars.

Saturn is morning star, and wins the his beautiful appearance in the eastern it; a man carries his in his inside pocket not remember that the snake had been lions to the conjux dulcissime, or the sky, and also because he reaches one of so that his wife won't see it. the great time marks in his course. On A man of fashion hates the rain bethe 16th, of August at 10 o'clock in cause it deranges the set of his pantathe morning, he was in quadrature loons; a woman of fashion hates it bewith the sun on his western side. He cause it deranges her complexion. then passed the half-way house between conjunction and opposition, and is in favorable position for observation, both ed up, catching the toothache or bewith the naked eye and the telescope. He is at the same time conveniently man can't. situated for the star gazer, rising now at half-past 11 in the evening, and at ages she uses a pin; when a man wants faint quiver passed over the sweet soit time after his advent Saturn is the brightest star in the myriad host that sparkles in the star depths, but his supremacy lasts but a few short hours, when his fair rival, Venus, appears upon the scene and robs him of the

proud distinction. A peculiar interest is felt in the ap--connected with the complicated Saturnian system. The most magnificent member of the planetary brotherhood is drawing near the terrestrial domain under conditions that will not be exactly repeated until the present generaare distinguished for longevity, twentyliar soft and rich appearance, which is
five years spans the length of the highlength of an eighth of an live years spans the length of the highest power of observation in an astronothose of daylight photographs.

mer's life, while twenty-nine and onehalf years must pass before Saturn pre-A gentleman, who was a first-class sents the same advantageous position

During this year and the succeeding year the finest telescopic views of Sa-Scotchman, whom we shall for the pre- these events all occuring before the

Venus is a morning star, and seems as yet to show no symptoms of the falling off in brilliancy and size to which she must as surely succumb as the less glorious members of the family. She continues to travel westward, lengthening out the invisible chain that binds her to to the sun until the 21st, when a change comes. On that day, at seven plied: "Since Heaven deprived me of o'clock in the morning, she reaches her greatest western elongation, being then your music is capable of that, I will 46 deg 6 west of the sun. Here she renot only pay the five pounds with plea- verses her course, approaching the sun sure, but will be convinced that it is with slower step than she recedes from him, and gradually growing less brilliant as she draws near the central fire

that will quench her lesser light.

One cannot help regretting that the bright planet must lose her lustre, especially after the superb aspect she took on during the month of August, was agreed to pay them a visit. It was when she seemed to illuminate the easconsidered a capital opportunity by the tern heavens like a young moon as she hung tremulous on the rosy waves of cipally raw-boned, overgrown Scotch light that proclaimed the near approach country to carry tea in the neighbor- Though the latest comer among the planets that usher in the day, he is far ble, rising now an hour and a half bemost secrecy being agreed upon, the fore the great luminary, and two hours him with the object of his visit. after Venus, who looms above the eastern horizon at 2 o'clock. One of the himself a short time, the emperor said: delightful observations of the month will be to watch the approach of the dinner. There were twelve altogether king and queen of the stars as they sat down, and a right merry party they draw near each other on the celestial no idea how my heart is tortured by dissoon became, for the whisky toddy was road. On the 19th Jupiter is only an cord and disagreements in the circle of minutes separates them. Observers who and most clear sighted of my advisers. command the eastern horizon, and will take the trouble to rouse from their slumbers in the small hours of morning, will behold one of the finest exhibitions our brother planets can get up. The brightest gem of the sun's fami-

hills, shining with dazzling brilliancy on the dark background of the sky, the | decision. The chancellor's answer was prince of planets follows in quick pursuit and the first magnitude star Reguulus in near proximity completes the morning star. On the 20th, at 10 hanged to him." o'clock in the evening, he is in conjunction with the sun. The four great planets are then on the sun's western side, and are all shining as morning Neptune and Saturn have stars. passed quadrature, and are more than half way advanced toward opposition. Jupiter is on the way to quadrature and Uranus is just commencing his course ranks of the morning stars. On the is inferior conjunction with the sun, passing to his western side, and increasing the number of morning stars to five in the following order of distance from the sun; Neptune heads the list and is succeeded by Saturn, Venus, Jupiter brotherhood. He is of little importance now in his distant quarters, but we have faith that at some time in the future he will point the way to a world or worlds lying beyond his sphere. Meanwhile his ethereal path must be closely watched, lest any unusual perambulations escape detection. Mars is The song ended, up struck the fiddler evening star, the sole representative of that role through the whole month. He is moving slowly toward conjunc-"Scotland forever!" cried Jamie, and tion, but must wait till 1886 for another opposition, when the ruddy planet will take on a more imposing aspect. Women --- Men,

Women arways show by their actions that they enjoy going to church; men

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

Women jump at conclusions and generally hit; men reason things out logically and generally miss it. Some women can't pass a millinery sor paid his bet cheerfully, and was store without looking in; some men

fully convinced of the effect of Scotch | can't pass a saloon without going in. A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man never sees never came into her house again for a baby without wanting to run from it.

others, and are often weak, vain and frivolous. Ditto men.

A woman can sit in a theatre for three hours without getting all crampcoming faint for want of fresh air; a

When a woman wants to repair dam-When a woman is asked by a fond

take something and says "No," he don't always mean it either. in sepia and black give excellent results. tion of astronomers has given place to Very clear and well-defined photographs the one that will succeed it. For are now taken by moonlight. Scenic though the members of this profession effects of wood and water have a pecu-

A Long Way to a Weading

A youngerson of the Duke of Argyll having become engaged to Lady as in duty bound, asked his father's consent. The duke, however, answered: 'Since my eldest son, the Marquis of Lorne married the daughter of the queen, our sovereign, he has become the head of our house. You must obtain his consent. If you get that, you may rest assured mine will not be refused." To the marquis, his brother accordingly betook himself: "As I am son-in-law to the queen, duty and respect require that the matter should be referred to her for her decision. I will at once lay the matter before her."

To the queen goes the marquis immediately and informs her of his brother's wishes. The monarch, however, remy noble, ever lamented husband, I have made it an inflexible rule to take no step in the affairs of my house without first referring the matter to my brother-in-law, the duke of Coburg. will write to him."

The queen did as she promised, but from the duke she received the following answer, instead of the consent she expected: "Your Majesty, my beloved sister, is well aware that during the last four years important political changes have taken place in Germany, in consequence of which the centre of gravity has been shifted from Coburg to Berlin. I therefore consider it my duty of the sun. Jupiter is a morning star. to submit the matter to Emperor William, for him to decide. I cannot take the responsibility on myself." To Berenough from the sun to be easily visi- lin accordingly goes the duke, begs an audience of the emperor and acquuints

After considering the matter within "What I have fought for and attained for my country is well known to the whole world. People, however, have hour behind Venus, and at the end of my family and among my ministers. the month, he follows so closely in her However, I must honorably confess steps that only the short time of fifteen | that the Prince Bismarck is the wisest I give you the commission to refer the matter to him and let him decide."

The duke then directs his steps to the Wilhelmstrasse, and sends in his card to the mighty minister. Being immediately admitted he reads the queen's ly appears suddenly above the eastern letter, faithfully reports the words of the emperor, and begs for a favorable given without hesitation. "Why should the matter require any decision of mine? What have we to do with the duke of starry picture. Uranus is the evening Argyll or his son? If the young fellow "Thats' a wofu' tune," said a great, star until the 20th, when he becomes wishes to marry let him do so and be

Weary of Life.

A writer says it was in the State of Illinois; at that early day a short, thick variety of rattlesnake was very numerous, so much so that the State acquired an unenviable reputation in the older parts of the Union. Farmers, in "breaking prairie" as the ploughing of perceived that before he got through for the same goal. Mercury is evening the prairie sod was called, would kill their gifts," and time is one. Such is star until the 19th, when he joins the them by dozens in the course of a single the Ludovisi Juno. But who that has summer. They were very 19th, at ten o'clock in the morning, he but few persons were bitten by them. Moreover there was little danger of death if the proper remedies were appli-

ed at once. I was one day following one of the large breaking plows common at that time. It was drawn by five or six yoke of oxen, and there were two men to manage the plough and the team. As we were going along, one of the men discovered a ratlesnake, as I remember, about twelve or fourteen inches in length. They rarely exceed eighteen or twenty inches so that this one was probably about two thirds grown. The man who first saw it was about to kill it when the other proposed to see if it could be made to bite itself, which it most consummate triumphs of genius. was commonly reported the rattlesnake and art. would do if angered and prevented from escaping. Accordingly they poked the snake over into the ploughed ground, and then began teasing it with their long whips, Escape was impossible and the snake soon became fran- and level lawn stands a little heathen tic at its ineffectual attempts either to altar representing the Pius Antonius injure its assailants or to get away from them. At last it turned upon itself and struck its fangs into its own

body about the middle. The poison seemed to take effect inat all, and if not perfectly dead within less than five minutes, it at least showed no signs of life. That it should die so quickly will not seem strange if it is borne in mind that the same bite would have killed a full grown man in a few Roman of Imperial time. The walls Women love admiration, approba-tion, self-immolation on the part of with their work. I trudged around their antics by a crocodile advancing her hand so that other women will see never moved again. In this case I do the sharply cut and graceful inscriptonly case that ever came under my observation.

> The Locomotion of Shells. The great conch or strombus has a

veritable sword that it thrusts out, sticks into the ground, and by a muscular effort jerks itself along, making a decided leap. The squids, that are the close of the month making his ap- to repair damages he spends two hours the brightest forms of mollusks, leap pearance at half-past 9 o'clock. For a and a half trying to thread a needle, entirely clear of the water, often several feet. They are the ink bearers, lover for her heart and hand and says and from their ink bags comes the sepis "No," she don't always mean it; when a used by artists, while their bone is the man is askedby a jovial friend if he will cuttle-fish bone of commerce. Many of the cockles have a method of flying through the water that is quite novel. They are generally beautifully colored, Moonlight Photographs .- A valuable and have long, streaming tentacles, proach of the ring-girdled planet to the new process of photographing on the and suddenly, without warning, they proach of the ring-girdled planet to the earth at the present time, for knotty problems are to be investigated—with little expectation of their being solved the "ink photo" process, and copies oil valves rush away with their long, redpaintings, drawings and photographs. | dish hair streaming after them, present-In preparing drawings for reproduction ing a very curious appearance. The it arrived is not learned beyond the fact by it, there should be no pure blue tints: shell known as the Lima Nians is parblues for shadows and skies must have ticularly remarkable for these flights, Indian ink mixed with them. Drawings and all the scallops are jumpers and have been known to jump out, and the ordinary scallop has been known to that he was a little duil of late, although stove. A description of the different parrot was found dead in his cage, having methods by which shells move would previously shown no symptoms of illfill a volume.

The Gardens of Rome.

Rome is the city of gardens. Where else can we recall such masses of evergreen verdure, such thickets of aloe and lentisk, such groves of umbrageous pines, embowering the vast and stately palaces within the walls?

While the villas beyond their stern enclosure are set in clipped silences of box and yew, and shaded by solemn groves of ilex and bay, others (like the Wolkonsky) are spanned by huge ruins of aqueduct or bridge, ivy-clad or tangled with roses, and starred with anemone and cyclamen in lavish and lovely profusion. And all alike are vocal with murmurous flow of tinkling waters and fantastic shapes of Triton and Nereid; the maidenhair mantles, the marble basins with its delicate fronds, and the sunshine steals through the boughs and the fancy conjures up the sylvan goat-footed gods, dancing to wild clash of cymbal and hora, upon the level lawns, while Hemadryads crouch and listen amid their leafy boughs. The Church of St. Sabina has appropriated the site and stately marble columns set up in honor of the gods. The great St. Dominic once abode in the adjoining convent and planted a certain orange tree, still vigorous and green, and covered with flowers and fruit. Hither, too, fled St. Thomas Aquinas, parsued by his mother's tears and lamentations to the very door of the monastery; and within the walls of the church St. Gregory read hisfamous Homilies, for the building dates from the fourth century, as an inscription in mosaic testifies. St. Sabina lies beneath the altar.

The Ludovisi gardends, widely ranging and richly planted, offer as their proud contribution to Roman heritages Guercino's beautiful fresco of the Dawn driving horses up the pearly slopes of heaven. The light of the new-born day is upon her face; the faint breeze gently lifts her hair; flowers are scattered beneath her chariot wheels. Before her speed the flying Hours, bearing their unknown gifts to men:

The slow sweet hours that brings us all things The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill." Behind the car, the beautiful Genius

of the Day, bearing the torch, occupies one of the alcoves of the summer house. Opposite sits a woman with a book on her knee, a sleeping child beside her, and around her flit the wide winged birds of night.

The gallery of statuary boasts the Ludovisi Juno, colossal, stately, divinely fair. Silence reigns upon her parted lips; the calm of majestic repose rests upon her serene and level brows. Hers "that large utterance of the earthly gods," which, when she speaks will compel us to silence. In the ampler æther, amid which she is wont to dwell, what knows she of our world of petty woe? where old Hesiod puts it, 'by day as well as by night, diseases unbidden haunt mankind, silently bearing ills to men." But of all these her colossal loveliness knows nothing, save "that the gods themselves cannot recall ever visited the Villa Albani can, if he would, forget the fragment of Greek culture there, so jealously preservedthat bas relief, I mean, of Mercury withdrawing Eurydice from her hus-band's arms? Words can give no idea of the tender grace of the attitudes, of the truth, the nature, the pathos of these figures. Her hand rests upon his shoulder; his clasps hers with such a passion of affection that the messenger of the gods, though he relaxes not his grasp, yet by a slight movement of his entwining arm expresses that he gazes not unmoved upon their tender and entrancing farewell. This fragment should be, if it is not, the despair of the modern world, as it is truly one of the

But the Doria Pamphili gardens summons us to gather cyclamen and hyacinth amid their shades and waters and groves and lawns. This was once the garden of Galba, and upon the green Imp, sacrificing to his household gods. No sod here is ever turned or soil removed, but fragments of sculpture, sarcophagi, busts and cippi or funeral urns are brought to light; and the Columbastantly. The fangs were not withdrawn ria are singularly interesting and perfect. In a square chamber approached by a stair and a door are the many niches, each of which contains in its pictured urn the ashes and half-consumed bones of some dead and gone hours' time. The men watched it long are ornamented with graceful arabesenough to be sure that it would not be ques of bird and flower, of genii and with them for an hour or more, and from a lake is curiously grotesque. In every time we came where the snake an instant we are transported back was I stopped and looked at it, but it sometwenty centuries as we linger over rattlesnakes biting themselves under long past days. Within a single recess such circumstances, but this was the several cippi are not unfrequently accommodated, with praiseworthy economy of space. It is said that extensive catacombs range from these princely gardens to Rome, of which the view, seen through the stems of the pines and ilex groves, is one of the most delightful imaginable, and prompts one to exclaim, with Shelley: "O Rome! O life! O time!

On whose last steps I climb, When will return the glory of your prime? An Old Parrot.

The oldest inhabitant in the zoological collection in the Regent's Park, London, has just died. This interesting individual was a specimen of the black parrot from Madagascar. It was presented to the society by the late Mr. Charles Telfair, a corresponding member, so far back as gardens. How old the parrot was when that it was represented as an "adult bird." The ancient black Vasa parrot seemed, until very recently, to have carleapers. When placed in a boat they ried his half century of years lightly enough, nevertheless his keeper remarked jump out of a pot when placed upon a he fed well. One morning, however, the